

WILLIAM HOWIE LINDSAY AND MARGARET ELINOR THOMAS LINDSAY

William Howie Lindsay was the eldest son of William and Mary Mair Lindsay, being born October 24, 1871, at Heber, Utah.



When he was six years old they moved to a homestead three miles east of Heber, and in a log house the parents and four children had a very happy home.

Much time was spent grubbing sagebrush from the land and his job was to help gather and burn it and herd the cows.

His schooling was rather meager, because of the distance, the deep winter snows and the very bad roads in the spring. He did make enough progress that he attended Wasatch Academy at Heber. Enoch Jorgensen was the instructor.

When his brothers were old enough to help his father on the farm he went to Park City to work in the mines. He attended Church and sang in the choir. He renewed his acquaintance with Margaret Elinor Thomas, a friendship which began in Heber. She was the daughter of Joseph and Margaret Watson Thomas, and Nellie, as she was lovingly called, was the first baby born at Center on January 9, 1877. She had lost two brothers in their early life and when she was nine years old, she, four sisters and four brothers were left orphans, as their parents died two weeks apart of pneumonia. She went to live in a home at Heber and to go to school.

She caught some lice and the lady with whom she lived cut off her lovely red hair which had given her the name of "Carrot Top." When a young lady working for some friends in Park City, she had typhoid fever and lost all her hair, it came in a beautiful auburn shade to match her lovely soft brown eyes.

She and William H. Lindsay, James L. Lindsay and his sweetheart, Elizabeth Jones, all life-long friends, went to Salt Lake and were married by John R. Winder on July 31, 1895. On their return a lovely wedding reception was given in their honor at Pride's

Hall at Center, a hot dinner and dancing in the evening.

Their first child, Martin S., was born in Park City. He saved money and the next year bought a farm at the foot of Lindsay Hill, near Heber. He began to buy sheep, knowing that it was a paying proposition. Their second son, Dawson, was born there, also Sarah Elizabeth and William Harold. They moved to Heber so the children would be near school. He was away with the sheep often, but he continued to buy sheep until he had a paying herd. It made work for him and his sons. He spent thousands of dollars buying land from the government for spring and fall range, and the family spent their summers at the ranch at Currant Creek to be near the sheep.

They were happy and proud to send Dawson on a two-year mission for the LDS Church. He loved to have his children and grandchildren with him. He was a successful business man. He was kind, considerate and wanted to be of service to his fellow men, always willing to help anyone in need and honest in his dealings. He was the father of 11 children. His health was quite good and even though prosperous, he still managed his own business and was very active until his death from a heart attack on June 27, 1939, at his home.

His good wife carried on. She was a fine manager and knew how to handle the business, with the help of her sons. Hers was a rich, full life, and she was always busy helping others when not doing for herself. Her family loved to come home to be with her, for she kept herself and others happy with her lovely handwork. She had been a Relief Society visiting teacher.

She died May 5, 1958, at Heber.

ADA LOUISA PHIPPEN MAHONEY

Isaac Phippen and Ada Stewart were the parents of Ada Louisa Phippen Mahoney. Ada Louisa Phippen was born September 2, 1842. She was born at Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois. She married Jeremiah Mahoney May 17, 1863.

Before I was very old the Mormon people began to have trouble and I was one year and ten months old when the prophet and his brother were martyred. Times got worse, but they still kept working on the

temple and finished it. Many got their blessings, so got paid for their hardships.

In 1845, times were very bad in Nauvoo. They had to stand guard around the city. My brother was on guard and was shot accidentally and died a few hours later. It was a time of sorrow for many.

In 1846 we had to leave our homes with hundreds of others. We had two wagons for our family and my brother's family, so we left everything and crossed the Mississippi River, and came to Winter Quarters, where we stayed until the summer of 1848, when we crossed the Missouri River into Iowa, where we lived until 1852. While in Iowa my father farmed, raising hundreds of bushels of wheat, corn and vegetables and other grains. We were there the winter after the Battalion boys went. In the summer of 1847, father planted a lot of foodstuffs, which helped us through the winter. Ada Louisa and her brother went to school in Iowa.

On June 23, 1852, we were ready to start for Salt Lake. So again my father and mother left everything except what they could put in two wagons. They left their farm and never got one cent for it, also their houses and everything that was in them, only a chair or two; not even a table, but we had plenty of clothes, but we had no regrets for what we left. We had quite a time getting started, as some of the others decided that they did not want to go to Utah, but with much persuasion we got to the Missouri River. There were hundreds of wagons camped there, waiting to cross the river. There was much sickness at this time, but soon all was well. As we traveled we gathered lots of buffalo chips. We had plenty of Indian scares. We saw thousands of buffalo; we also scraped and dried meat.

We always stopped Sundays and held services. Almost every night we danced and every Thursday night we held meetings and sang the songs of Zion. When we arrived at Independence Rock we had a wedding. A lot of young folks went through Devils Gate; I wanted to go, but mother would not let me.

When we reached the three crossings of Sweetwater the company was divided and my father was put in captain. Here we made better time, and there was no sickness. The weather was quite cold, and we had a

little snow on the South Pass. We landed in Salt Lake City on September 27, 1852. We were three months on the road. As we came into Salt Lake we thought it the most beautiful city we had ever seen. We camped a few days with some friends in the First Ward. Father soon bought a house and lot in the Sixteenth Ward and we moved into it. We had nothing but a stove we brought with us (no table, bedsteads or chairs). But we were thankful that we were all well and in the land of promise.

When I was 16 I married a polygamist by the name of Orvil Hale. I had one daughter, Esther. Later I was married to Jeremiah Mahoney, on May 17, 1863.

My husband was in an accident and died from the effects of this on April 5, 1868. We had two children, Jeremiah Worthington and Elmer Clarence. After his death I married Henry Walker.

Grandmother died December 29, 1933, in Salt Lake City, Utah, and was buried in Heber City Cemetery.